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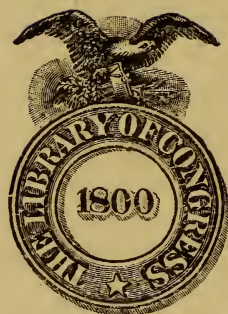
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PRACTICE BOOK

LELAND
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PRACTICE BOOK

LELAND POWERS SCHOOL

Powers, Leland
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THOMAS GROOM & CO., INC.

BOSTON, MASS.

1913

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IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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LELAND POWERS.

INTRODUCTION.

Expression is a three-fold activity. It must have plan, purpose and life.

In this three-fold activity it is *intelligence* which plans, directs and guides. It is *love* which impells and inspires and it is *life* which carries the purpose into manifestation.

These three are a trinity and are activities of mind. They are co-existent, co-essential and co-operative.

This trinity must be discoverable in every *right* expression, — all three factors present, one dominant and the other two subordinate.

The intelligence manifests its presence by *form, outline, limit, clarity*. The love by *texture, harmony, melody, unfoldment-in-sequence*. The life by *extension, largeness, vividness, power*.

For the sake of brevity and convenience let us agree upon short names for these mind activities. Let us call the reflective or intellectual factor the "*Mental*," the affective factor the "*Moral*," and the executive factor the "*Vital*."

In our special field of expression, the Spoken Word, it is the office of the "*Mental*" factor to analyze, outline, define, explain, clarify, enlighten and so forth. This is expressed through proper emphasis, clear articulation, right inflections and pauses, definiteness and deliberateness of utterance and proper subordinations.

It is the office of the "Moral" factor to help, inspire, win, comfort. This softens the emphases, curves the inflections, sweetens the quality of the tone and gives melody to the utterance.

It is the office of the "Vital" factor to awaken, arouse, move, vivify. This is expressed in fulness of tone, enlargement of emphasis, lengthening of inflection, increase of range and quickening of rate.

Let it be remembered that the intelligence *proves* its presence in the expression by means of *form* and *outline*, which in the Spoken Word mean emphasis, inflection, pause and subordination. This *form* must never be destroyed by the activity of either of the other two factors. If this is done the expression becomes unintelligent. The dominance of emotion will soften the emphases and curve the inflections, but it must not destroy them. The dominance of vitality will extend the form or make it more vivid, with stronger light and shade, but must not change its nature.

Always remember that true vitality is *vitality* of *thought*. Do not mistake energy of muscle or nervous excitement for vitality. Do not mistake hardness or sharpness of voice for definiteness and clearness. Do not mistake loudness and harshness for fulness and power. Do not mistake sensation for thought.

It is necessary for the proper development of the student in interpretative work that his voice and body be thoroughly trained, freed from constriction and inertia and rendered flexible and obedient to governing mind.

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EXERCISES FOR ELEMENTAL VOCAL EXPRESSION.

All literature, for interpretative purposes, can be elementally classified according to which one of the three activities, mental, moral or vital, is dominant in it.

The exercises under each chapter have *primarily* the characteristics of that chapter, and *secondarily* the characteristics of the other two chapters.

CHAPTER I.

VITALITY.

WHERE THE EXPRESSION IS DOMINATED BY POWER, largeness, freedom, animation, movement, *LIFE*.

Examples for Practice.

1. "Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho!
scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho! gallants,
draw your blades."

2. "Awake, Sir King, the gates unspar!
Rise up and ride both fast and far!
The sea flows over bolt and bar."

3. "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

4. "Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Volmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve at vespers proudly sat,
And heard the priest chant the Magnificat."
-

5. *Worcester.* Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners, —
 Hotspur. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes. —
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat: —
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla — *Mortimer!*
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

6. "Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;

And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard
All around them and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

7. "Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind."
-

8. "The wind, one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, 'Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!'"
-

9. "O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"
-

10. "It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun!
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!"

11. "O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad — whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine."
-

12. "They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? — Sir, we are not weak, if we make proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power."

CHAPTER II.

MENTALITY.

WHERE THE EXPRESSION IS CHARACTERIZED BY REFLECTIVITY, FORMULATION, DEFINITENESS, CLEARNESS, ANALYSIS, OUTLINE, *TRUTH*.

Examples for Practice.

1. "Beyond the street a tower, — beyond the tower a moon, — beyond the moon a star, — beyond the star, what?"

2. "Once more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try overhard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't — let me beg you — don't say 'How?' for
'What?'
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful urs."

3. "As an example of how the Bible should be read, take the passage from Isaiah xiv, 13, 14. There should be a little formality in the opening of this selection and in similar passages from the Bible, because they are lofty chanting poetry. The delivery should be orotund, removed in a measure from the conversational tone. The whole coloring, so to speak, should be musical. In the last clause the voice

should be full of awe, expressing in this the feeling, not of the supposed speaker, but of the prophet, who is horror-struck at the presumption of the king of Babylon. In simple passages (as generally in the Gospels) the tone should be dignified but simple."

4. "To be, or not to be; that is the question: —
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep, —
 No more:"
-

5. "I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; that is . . . oftenest self-conceit mainly. The great man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of."

6. "*Brutus*. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*.
Lucius. I will, my lord. (*Exit.*)
Brutus. It must be by his death: and for my part,
 I know no cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd: —
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —
 That: —
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with."

7. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God."

8. "Just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist; his work a *fine* art, and good art in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within."

9. "Tone-color is essential to the true expression of poetry. Without this, it speaks to the *intellect only*, not to the *heart*. If there is word-painting, express this by the tone, but do not exaggerate. *Suggest* rather than imitate. Where elevation of thought is required, let it be obtained by elevation of *feeling*, giving tone-color not by loudness, swagger, or display of art."

10. "For the Universe has three children, born at one time, which reappear, under different names, in every system of thought, whether they be called cause, operation, and effect; or, theologically, the Father, the Spirit, and the Son; but which we call here, the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer. These stand respectively for the love of truth, for the love of good, and for the love of beauty. These three are equal. Each of these three has the power of the others latent in him, and his own patent."

CHAPTER III.

MORALITY (PURPOSE).

WHERE THE EXPRESSION IS DOMINATED BY A CONSCIOUSNESS
OF DESIRE, GOODWILL, CHOICE, VALUE, PURPOSE, POISE,
HARMONY, *LOVE*.

Examples for Practice.

1. "My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In Heaven's name, No!'"

2. "It is but a legend, I know, —
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more."

3. "Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

4. "Who but the locksmith could have made such music?
A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window and
checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light
fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart."

5. "*Portia*. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more
rich;"

6. "Listen to the water-mill;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast;
'The mill can never grind
With the water that is past.'"

7. "Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the
little that is good steadily hastening towards immortality.
And the vast all that is called evil I saw hastening to merge
itself, and become lost and dead."

8. "When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask; — But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest: —
They also serve who only stand and wait."
-

9. "We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

"There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence,

oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end."

10. "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put
out to sea;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for
sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
turns again home."
-

11. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

ARTICULATION.

1. Lovely art thou, O Péace! and lovely are thy children,
and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green vâlleys.

2. Steel clanging sounded on steèl. Hèlmets are cleft
on hìgh; blòod bursts and smokes around. As the troubled
noise of the òcean when roll the waves on hìgh; as the last
peal of the thunder of hèaven; such is the noise of bàttle.

3. Like leaves on trèes the life of man is found,
Now green in yóuth, now withering on the gròund;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fáll successive, and successive rìse:
So generàtions in their course decay;
So flourish thése, when those have pass'd awày.

4. To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he
has to make is an excellent prepàrative. From the moment
you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vâcancy until
you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once
into the bustle and novelties of another wòrld.

5. What wàk'st thou, Spring? — Sweet voices in the woòds,
And reed-like èchoes, that have long been mùte;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The làrk's clear pipe, the cùckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glée,
Even as our hèarts may be.

INFLECTION OR SLIDES.

An inflection or slide of the voice is a glide from high to low or vice versa.

Elementally there are two inflections: the falling and the rising.

The rising inflection indicates a question asked. The falling indicates an assertion made. They picture two distinct actions of thought. The falling inflection or downward slide pictures the thought as coming to a stop; of separating itself from what may follow. It signifies completion; it is retrospective; it is assertive and declares the will of the speaker.

The rising inflection, or upward slide pictures the thought as not having reached a conclusion. It connects the thought with something yet to come. It signifies incompleteness and defers to the will of the hearer.

Sometimes these two conditions of the thought become interwoven, complex, — a mixed desire to ask a question and make an assertion, the question so mixed with the assertion of the speaker's opinion that a circumflex inflection, or a waving slide results, as "You are not angry? What have I done?"

Finally there is the suspensive condition of the thought indicated by the monotone.

Examples for Practice.

FALLING INFLECTIONS OR DOWNWARD SLIDES.

1. It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national dis-

graces. What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and a Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war! For what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!

2. Again to the battle, Achaïans.
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
 Our land — the first garden of Liberty's tree —
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.
-

3. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.
-

RISING INFLECTIONS OR UPWARD SLIDES.

1. Once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with its shores,

Cæsar says to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?

2. Could not this man, who opened the eyes of the blind,
have caused that even this man should not have died?

3. Can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual
progress of improvement, and traveling on from perfection
to perfection, after just having looked abroad into the works
of his Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite
goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at his first setting
out, and in the very beginning of his inquiries?

4. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and
heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories?
Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the
window and listened there? And have you not fancied
that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you
not conceive that yon stars, and those eyes of God, looking
down on you, were also mouths of song — that every star
was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty
Maker and his well-deserved praise?

FALLING AND RISING INFLECTIONS

1. Where you see a man meeting obstacles and removing
them, struggling with difficulties and overcoming them, and
still pressing forward under every discouragement, self-
denying and self-relying, there you see a man who will
probably rise in the world.

2. As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
-

3. There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclined,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.
-

4. Because I live, ye shall live also.
-

5. We know that we have passed from death unto life,
 because we love the brethren.
-

6. You may skim the surface of science, or fathom its
 depths.
-

CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTION OR WAVING SLIDES

1. Surely they were indignant at this treatment: surely
 the air rings with reproaches upon a man who has thus made
 them stake their reputation upon a falsehood, and then
 gives them less than the lie direct to their assertions.
-

2. You would not have me make a trial of my skill upon
 my child.
-

3. Thou wear a lion's hide, doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

4. We undertook to mediate for the queen.
 To mediate for the queen? — You undertook? —
 Wherein concerned it you?
-
5. What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 Hath a dog money? is it possible,
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?
-
6. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always somewhere a weakest spot;
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.
-

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is primarily and fundamentally an act of the intellect, the intelligence, not of the feeling. It must seem to appeal to the sight. It has to do with *form*.

A word or idea is emphasized when it is lifted into prominence in order to arrest attention. Emphasis is used to discriminate the important idea from all related ideas, expressed or understood. This discrimination once made need not be repeated. As a new thought develops or is added the word expressing the *new* thought must in turn be emphasized.

As related to the three mind activities we can say that the emphasis made by means of an *inflection* is essentially "mental" and as emphasis itself is the expression of the "mental" activity the *inflectional* feature of the emphasis must never be obliterated.

When the "moral" factor dominates the emphatic word

or idea takes a *pause* before it, and the inflection is softened and curved, but never destroyed.

When the "vital" factor dominates *stress* is added to the delivery of the emphatic word or idea. The inflection is lengthened but never destroyed.

Example for Practice.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

1. Yes, the *year* is growing *old*.
 And his *eye* is pale and *bleared*;
Death with frosty hand and cold,
 Plucks the old man by the beard,
 Sorely, — *sorely*.

The *leaves* are *falling*, falling
 Solemnly and slow;
 Caw, caw, the rooks are calling,
 It is a sound of *woe*,
 A sound of woe.

Through woods and *mountain-passes*
 The winds like *anthems* roll:
 They are chanting solemn masses,
 Singing, *pray* for this soul.
 Pray — pray.

The hooded clouds, like *friars*,
 Tell their *beads* in drops of rain,
 And patter their doleful prayers;
 But their prayers are *all in vain*,
 All in *vain*.

There he stands in the foul weather,
The *foolish, fond* Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king, — a king.

Then comes the *summer*-like day,
Bids the old rejoice.
His *joy, his last*. Oh the old man gray
Loveth her ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith, —
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a *daughter's* breath, —
“Pray do not *mock* me so.
Do not *laugh* at me.”

And *now* the sweet day is *dead*;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No *stain* from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain.

Then, too, the *Old Year* dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“Vex not his ghost.”

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The *storm-wind* from Labrador,
The wind *Euroclydon*,
The *storm-wind*.

Howl, howl, and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away.
 Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
 O soul, could thus decay,
 And be swept away.

For there shall come a *mightier* blast;
 There shall be a *darker* day;
 And the *stars*, from heaven down cast,
Like red leaves be *swept* away.
 Kyrie, Eleyson.
 Christe, Eleyson.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF VOICE.

I. *Whispering.*

1. I see the head of the enemy's column rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it; be silent; and stop as you run. For the boats! Forward!

2. All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill.

II. *Half-whisper, or Aspirated Tone.*

1. Hìst! I see the stir of glàmour far upon the twilight wold.
 Hìst! I see the vision rìsing! Lìst! and as I speak,
 behòld!

2. And once behind a rick of barley,
 Thus looking out did Harry stànd;
 The moon was full and shining clearly,
 And crisp with frost the stubble lànd.
 — He hears a nòise — he's all awàke —
 Agàin! — on tiptoe down the hill
 He softly crèeps
-

3. *Macbeth.* Didst thou not hear a nòise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the òwl scream, and the críckets
 cry. Did not you spéak?

Macb. Whèn?

Lady M. Nòw.

Macb. As I descénded?

Lady M. Ày.

Macb. Hàrk! Who lies i' the second chàmbèr?

Lady M. Dònalbain.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

4. *Gentlewoman.* Lo you, here she còmes! This is her
 very guìse; and, upon my lìfe, fast aslèep. Obsèrve her;
 stand clòse.

Physician. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood bÿ her; she has light by her contin-
 ually; 't is her commànd.

Phy. You see her eyes are òpen?

Gent. Ày, but their sěnsè is shut.

Phy. What is it she does nòw? Lòok, how she rubs her
 hànds.

Gent. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an
 hòur.

III. Pure Tone.

1. You bells in the steéple, rìng, ring out your chànges,
How many soèver they bè,
And let the brown mèadow-lark's note as he ránges
Come over, come over to mè.
-

2. The splendor falls on cástle walls,
And snowy sùmmits old in stòry;
The long light shakes across the lákes,
And the wild càtaract leaps in glòry.
-

3. The maxim that no people ought to be free till they are fit to ùse their freedom, is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the wáter till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slávery, they may indeed wait forèver.

4. My heart leaps ùp when I behold
A ráinbow in the sky;
So was it when my life begán;
So is it now I am a màn;
So be it when I shall grow òld,
Or let me dìe!
The child is father of the màn;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural pìety.

IV. Orotund.

1. Roll òn, thou deep and dark blue òcean — ròll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vàin.

2. Rìse, like a cloud of ìncense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent skỳ,
 And tell the stàrs, and tell yon rising sùn,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises Gòd.
-

3. The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sùn, — the vàles,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable wòods — rìvers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining bròoks,
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old òcean's gray and melancholy waste, —
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of mán.
-

V. Aspirated Orotund.

1. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
-
2. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
 And tèrror on my aching sight; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look còld,
 And shoot a chillsness to my trembling heart.

EXERCISES FOR TRANSITION.

1. "O, how our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices! —
 Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
 Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,
 Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops."

2. "The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

 "Ah! few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher."

3. "Lo, dim in the starlight their white tents appear!
 Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near.
 More slowly! more softly! the sentry may hear!
 Now fall on the foe like a tempest of flame!
 Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!
 Strike, strike for the true flag, for freedom and fame!"

4. "Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by?
 Came not faint whispers near?

No! — The wild wind hath many a sigh
Amid the foliage sere.”

5. “Her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go,
Mid the deep darkness, white as snow!
But gentler now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast.
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her
last!”
-

6. “Hark! distant voices that lightly
Ripple the silence deep!
No; the swans that, circling nightly,
Through the silver waters sweep.

“See I not, there, a white shimmer?
Something with pale silken shine?
No; it is the column's glimmer,
'Gainst the gloomy hedge of pine.”

7. “Hark, below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
“T is my lord come back from hunting,’
And the Duchess claps her hands.

“Slow and tired came the hunters;
Stopped in darkness in the court.
‘Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?’

“Slow they entered with their master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
On his brow an angry frown.”

8. “Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to
hailstones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a
shower, —
Now in twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along, —
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate
syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge ana-
condas,
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.”

SELECTIONS UNDER CHAPTER I.

HERVÉ RIEL.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-
ville;

 Close on him fled, great and small,

 Twenty-two good ships in all;

 And they signalled to the place,

 “Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or quicker
still,

 Here's the English can and will!”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?”
laughed they:

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,

Shall the ‘Formidable’ here with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?
Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? —
Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!" — But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet —

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
Riel;

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
rogues?"

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disem-
bogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's
a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbelieve, —

Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life, — and here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief."

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes —
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 't is ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.



CHARLES DICKENS THE READER.

(From "Pen Photographs of Dickens' Readings.")

One glance at the platform is sufficient to convince the audience that Dickens thoroughly appreciates "stage effect." A large screen of maroon cloth occupies the background; before it stands a light table of peculiar design, on the inner left-hand corner of which there peers forth a miniature desk, large enough to accommodate the reader's book. On the right hand of the table, and somewhat below its level, is a

shelf, where repose a carafe of water and a tumbler. 'T is "a combination and a form indeed," covered with velvet somewhat lighter in color than the screen. No drapery conceals the table, whereby it is plain that Dickens believes in expression of figure as well as of face, and does not throw away everything but his head and arms, according to the ordinary habit of ordinary speakers. About twelve feet above the platform, and somewhat in advance of the table, is a horizontal row of gas-jets with a tin reflector; and midway in both perpendicular gas-pipes there is one powerful jet with glass chimney. By this admirable arrangement, Dickens stands against a dark background in a frame of gaslight, which throws out his face and figure to the best advantage. With the book "Dickens" stranded on the little desk, the comedian Dickens can transform a table into a stage; and had the great novelist concluded, at the last moment, not to appear before us, this ingenious apparatus would have taught us a lesson in the art of reading.

He comes! A lithe, energetic man, of medium stature, crosses the platform at the brisk gait of five miles an hour, and takes his position behind the table. This is Charles Dickens, whose name has been a household word in England and America for thirty years; whose books have been the solace and joy of many a weary heart and head. A first glance disappointed me. I thought I should prefer to have him entirely unlike himself; but when I began to speculate on how Charles Dickens ought to look, I gave the matter up, and wisely concluded that nature knew her own intentions better than any one else.

Dickens has a broad, full brow, a fine head — which, for a man of such power and energy, is singularly small at the

base of the brain — and a cleanly cut profile. There is a slight resemblance between him and Louis Napoleon in the latter respect, owing mainly to the nose; but it is unnecessary to add that the faces of the two men are totally different. Dickens's eyes are light-blue, and his mouth and jaw, without having any claim to beauty, possess a strength that is not concealed by the veil of iron-gray mustache and generous imperial. His head is but slightly graced with iron-gray hair, and his complexion is florid.

If any one thinks to obtain an accurate idea of Dickens from the photographs that flood the country, he is mistaken. He will see Dickens's clothes, Dickens's features, as they appear when Nicholas Nickleby is in the act of knocking down Mr. Wackford Squeers; but he will not see what makes Dickens's face attractive, the geniality and expression that his heart and brain put into it. In his photographs Dickens looks as if, previous to posing, he had been put under an exhausted receiver and had had his soul pumped out of him. This process is no beautifier. Therefore, let those who have not been able to judge for themselves believe that Dickens's face is capable of wonderfully varied expression. Hence it is the best sort of face. His eye is at times so keen as to cause whoever is within its range to feel morally certain that it has penetrated to his boots; at others it brims over with kindness. "It is like looking forward to spring to think of seeing your beaming eye again," wrote Lord Jeffrey to Charles Dickens years ago, and truly, for there is a twinkle in it that, like a promissory note, pledges itself to any amount of fun — within sixty minutes. After seeing this twinkle I was satisfied with Dickens's appearance, and became resigned to the fact of his not resembling Apollo Belvedere. One thing

is certain, — if he did resemble this classical young gentleman, he never could have written his novels. Laying this flattering unction to my soul, I listen.

KATE FIELD.



THE FEZZIWIG BALL.

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: “Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!”

A living and moving picture of Scrooge’s former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

“Yo ho, my boys!” said Fezziwig. “No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let’s have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let’s have lots of room here!”

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn’t have cleared away, or couldn’t have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter’s night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substan-

tial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners, people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, — four times, — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would

Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, — advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, cock-screw, thread the needle and back again to your place, — Fezziwig "cut," — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

CHARLES DICKENS.



THE SHIPWRECK.

(From "David Copperfield.")

As the night advanced, it came on to blow harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high

watery walls came rolling in, and tumbled into surf, I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind had brought together on the beach, I made my way to his house.

I learned that he had gone on a job of shipwright's work some miles away, but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

So I went back to the inn.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. So I resolved to go to bed.

For hours I lay in bed listening to the wind and water, imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal-guns; now, the fall of houses in the town. Then I fell into the depths of sleep until broad day; when I was aroused at eight or nine o'clock by some one knocking and calling at my door. I opened the door a bit and asked:

"What is the matter?"

"A wreck! close by! A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought down on the beach she'll go to pieces every moment."

I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street, where numbers of people were before me, all running in one direction, — to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. The height to which the breakers rose and bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves,

and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A boatman laid a hand upon my arm, and pointed. Then I saw it, close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat, — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, — especially one active figure in a red cap, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore; the sea, sweeping over the wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the boatman said, and then lifted in, and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach. Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the red cap.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, this bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two of the four men were gone.

All at once Ham came breaking through them to the front.

Instantly I ran to him, for I divined that he meant to wade off with a rope. "Ham, it's sure death."

Another cry arose, and we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure in the red cap left alone upon the mast. Then I saw Ham standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding to the latter.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. As the few planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and as his death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave his red cap. I saw him do it, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend, *the* once dear friend, — Steerforth.

Ham watched the sea until there was a great retiring wave; when he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the waves, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, — borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hillside of water moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, the wave fell and the ship was gone!

They drew him to my very feet, insensible, dead. He had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I stood beside him, a fisherman came to me and said:

"Sir, will you come over yonder?"

"Has a body come ashore?"

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

He answered nothing. But he led me to the spot and there, close by the threshold of the home he had ruined, I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school, — James Steerforth.



LOCHINVAR.

1. O young Lochinvar is come out of the West, —
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none, —
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

4. "I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near:
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
invar.
8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

1. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
2. He said to his friend, — "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
3. Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4. Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
6. Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
7. A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

8. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth:
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
9. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
10. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

11. It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
12. It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed.
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
13. It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
14. You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again

Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

15. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear, —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



THE LADIES of ST. JAMES'S.

(A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.)

The ladies of St. James's go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them, with a "Stand by! Clear
the way!"

But Phyllida, my Phyllida! she takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*, with candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! she dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's! they are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! the breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning, is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's! they're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever, their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, — it wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's! You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches, their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops the music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's! they have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you — for seconds, they frown on you — for
weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida! come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide, is always true — and
mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida! I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's, and give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties of all the world may be,
For Phyllida — for Phyllida is all the world to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

I.

Gray, broken clouds along the showery skies
Lie dim behind the broad horizon line:
The night wind through the outer darkness flies:
Amid the green the fitful fireflies shine.

II.

The lightning tears the heavens with sudden shock —
Each separate leaf stands clear against the light —
The thunder crashes down from rock to rock,
Across the broken silence of the night.

III.

The earth leaps up beneath the buried glare —
One second all its midnight grace reveals —
Then drops the darkness on the stifling air
That lifts and opens to the thunder peals.

IV.

And through the moment's throbbing hush, between
The flash of lightning and the wild refrain,
You hear, amid the maple's shifting green,
The drip and patter of the summer rain.

V.

Now the long echoings mutter far away
Like some great organ strong in gracious might —
A voice which nature's forces must obey,
A grand compelling power along the night.

VI.

Lower and lower sinks the mighty tone,
Faint are the lines of fire along the sky,

The night is left in darkness and alone:
The storm has died — and darkness too shall die!

VII.

The robins chirp within the rocking nest,
The eastern skies are flushing far away,
The phantom moon hangs waning in the west,
The birds are singing at the break of day.

THE SISTERS GODALE.



CAVALIER TUNES.

I. GIVE A ROUSE.

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cho. King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?

For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him.

Cho. King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II. BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,
Cho. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
Cho. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
Cho. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
Cho. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

EXTRACTS FROM PIPPA PASSES.

I. "DAY."

Day!

Faster and more fast;
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray,
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
 But forth one wavelet, then another curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
 Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
 A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
 The least of thy gazes or glances,
 (Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
 One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
 (Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
 — My day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
 Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

II. "THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING."

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;

The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.



ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE.

From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife.

How often in the summer tide,
His graver business set aside,
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
As to the pipe of Pan
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
Across the fields to Anne!

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer-stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say:
"It is a seemly man."
For many lads went wooing aye
Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
"The world by him shall yet be shook,
It is in nature's plan;
Though now he fleets like any rook
Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure that on some hour
Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and shower,
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihedde,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne!

RICHARD BURTON.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PROPERTY.

I want to talk to you of the attitude that should properly be observed by legislators, by executive officers, toward wealth, and the attitude that should be observed in return by men of means, and especially by corporations, toward the body politic and toward their fellow-citizens.

I utterly distrust the man of whom it is continually said; "Oh, he's a good fellow, but, of course, in politics, he plays politics." It is about as bad for a man to profess, and for those who listen to him by their plaudits to insist upon his professing something which they know he cannot live up to, as it is for him to go below what he ought to do, because if he gets into the habit of lying to himself and to his audience as to what he intends to do, it is certain to eat away his moral fibre.

He won't be able then to stand up to what he knows ought to be done. The temptation of the average politician is to promise everything to the reformers and to do everything for the organization. I think I can say that, whatever I have promised on the stump or off the stump, either expressly or impliedly, to either organization or reformers, I have kept my promise; and I should keep it just as much if the reformers disapproved, and vice versa.

A public man is bound to represent his constituents, but he is no less bound to cease to represent them when, on a great moral question, he feels that they are taking the wrong side. Let him go out of politics rather than stay in at the cost of doing what his own conscience forbids him to do.

I think there is no one problem that is so difficult to deal with as the problem of how to do justice to the wealth,

either in the hands of the individual or the corporation, on the one hand, or, on the other, how to see that that wealth in return is used for the benefit of the whole community. The tendency is for men to range themselves in two extreme camps, each taking a position that in the long run would be almost equally fatal to the community.

Oh, if I could impress upon you, if I only had the eloquence and the power of enforcing conviction upon you, to make you understand the two sides of the question — not understand it, you may do that in theory now, but to make you realize it — the two sides, that the rich man who buys a privilege from a Board of Aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the Legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, that man is committing an offence against the community which it is possible may some day have to be condoned for in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that on one side, and make you understand on the other — make the mass of our people, make the mass of our voters understand, on the other — that the worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, “I am against corporations; I am against capital,” and not a man who shall say, “I stand by the Ten Commandments: I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that no man shall steal from any one else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be blackmailed on the one side and the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporations shall pay their full share of the public burdens,

and that when they do so they shall be protected in their rights exactly as any one else is protected!" In other words, if I could only make our people realize that their one hope and one safety in dealing with this problem is to send into our public bodies men who shall be honest, who shall realize their obligations, not their obligations to the rich man and the poor man, but between the honest man and the dishonest man!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



SELECTIONS UNDER CHAPTER II.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

1. There is a saying which is in all good men's mouths; namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say that of course money doesn't mean money — it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself.

2. And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our

fellow-creatures; but we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to us of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

3. I believe if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other — that the story does very specially mean what it says — plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed given to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver, — our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God — it is a talent; strength is given by God — it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work — it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

4. And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment,

which enables him to seize opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail — are these not talents? — are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

5. And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

6. But you are not the least indignant, if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed — you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all of the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

7. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be

guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so.

8. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guilty and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better — of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

9. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct

your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dullness would have lost.

10. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And according to the quantity of it you have in your hands, you are arbiters of the will and work of the nation; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State, or not, depends upon you.

11. You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers; put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherein we were born.

12. I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men, who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying; but wealth well-used, is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come — I do not think it is far from us — when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud over the sky; bearing with them the joy of the light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

JOHN RUSKIN.



IF WE HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
 With my better self, that cannot show
 In my daily life that rushes so:
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
 I might be nerved by the thought sublime, —
 If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
 To look about and to stretch a hand
 To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still

And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme —
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained, —
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

RICHARD BURTON



LIFE AND SONG.

[This poem is taken from "The Poems of Sidney Lanier," copyrighted 1891, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

"If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

"Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

"Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

“Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
 Might each express the other’s all,
 Careless if life or art were long
 Since both were one, to stand or fall:

“So that the wonder struck the crowd,
 Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!’”

SIDNEY LANIER



ELOQUENCE.

1. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

2. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their

country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and snubbed, as in the presence of higher qualities.

3. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, — it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.



TRUTH AT LAST.

Does a man ever give up hope, I wonder, —
Face the grim fact, seeing it clear as day?
When Bennen saw the snow slip, heard its thunder
Low, louder, roaring round him, felt the speed
Growing swifter as the avalanche hurled downward,
Did he for just one heart-throb — did he indeed
Know with all certainty, as they swept onward,
There was the end, where the crag dropped away?
Or did he think, even till they plunged and fell,
Some miracle would stop them? Nay, they tell
That he turned round, face forward, calm and pale,
Stretching his arms out toward his native vale
As if in mute, unspeakable farewell,

And so went down. — 'T is something if at last,
 Though only for a flash, a man may see
 Clear-eyed the future as he sees the past,
 From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.



WORK.

1. What is wise work, and what is foolish work? What is the difference between sense and nonsense, in daily occupation? There are three tests of wise work: — that it must be honest, useful, and cheerful.

It is *Honest*. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair-play." In boxing, you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is "fair-play," your English hatred, "foul-play." Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-work," and another and bitterer hatred, — "foul-work"?

2. Then wise work is *Useful*. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something; but when it is hard and comes to nothing, when all our bees' business turns to spiders', and for honey-comb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze, — that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not?

3. Then wise work is cheerful, as a child's work is. Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy Kingdom come." Now if we hear a man swearing in the streets

we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. If you don't want a thing don't ask for it: such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it you must know what it is.

4. Observe, it is a Kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. The "Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in our hearts: "The Kingdom of God is within you." Now if we want to work for this Kingdom, and to bring it, and to enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. We must enter into it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

5. *Of such*, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. It is the *character* of children we want and must gain. It is modest, faithful, loving, and because of all these characters it is cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing — being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; knowing indeed what labor is, and not what sorrow is; and always ready for play — beautiful play.

JOHN RUSKIN.

EXTRACT FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

Our human speech is naught,
 Our human testimony false, our fame
 And human estimation words and wind.
 Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
 Because, it is the glory and good of Art,
 That Art remains the one way possible
 Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
 How look a brother in the face and say
 "Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind,
 Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length,
 And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"
 Say this as silvery as tongue can troll —
 The anger of the man may be endured,
 The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
 Are not so bad to bear — but here's the plague,
 That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
 Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
 Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
 Nor recognizable by whom it left;
 While falsehood would have done the work of truth.
 But Art, — wherein man nowise speaks to men,
 Only to mankind, — Art may tell a truth
 Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
 Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
 So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
 Beyond mere imaginery on the wall, —
 So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
 Deeper than ever the Andante dived, —

So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye, and save the soul besides.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SHAKESPEARE AND GOETHE.

This theory of the moral indifference of art originated, I believe, in great measure, with Goethe, and has been propagated chiefly by his too exclusive admirers. I should be content to rest the whole question on a comparison of the moral spirit that pervades the dramas of Goethe and those of Shakespeare. It has been asserted, I believe with truth, that it was the existence of this very theory in Goethe, or rather of that element in him whence this theory was projected, which shuts him out from the highest place as a dramatist, and marks the vast interval between him and Shakespeare. Goethe's moral nature was, it has been said, of a somewhat limp texture, with few strong "natural admirations," so that his dramas are wanting in those moral lights and shadows which exist in the actual world, and give life and outline to the most manly natures. His groups of characters are most of them morally feeble and shadowy. Shakespeare, on the other hand, being a whole, natural man, "the moral, imaginative, and intellectual parts of him do not lie separate," but move at once and all together. Being wholly unembarrassed with æsthetic theories, his "poetical impulse and his moral feelings are one." He does not conceal or explain away the great moral elevations and depressions that you see in the world. He paints men and women as they are, with great moral differences, not withholding

admiration from the noble, contempt and aversion from the base. Therefore, though we do not say that he is faultless, do not deny that there are things in him we could wish away, yet, taken as a whole, there breathes from his works a natural, healthy, bracing, elevating spirit, not to be found in the works of Goethe. Every side, every phase of human nature is there faithfully set down, but to the higher and better side is given its natural predominance. With the largest tolerance ever man had for all human infirmity, the widest sympathy with all men, seeing even the soul of good that may lie in things evil, there is in him nothing of that neutral moral tint, which is weakness in poetry as truly as in natural life.

Poetry refuses to be made over as the handmaid of any one philosophy or view of life or system of belief. But it is equally true that it naturally allies itself only with what is highest and best in human nature; and in whatever philosophy or belief this is enshrined, thence poetry will draw its finest impulses.

SHAIRP.



SELF RELIANCE

1. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men, — that is genius.

Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and

Milton is that they all set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what *they* thought.

2. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.

3. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility, then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

4. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

5. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray.

6. We but half express ourselves, and we are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be

safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

7. Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

8. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



SELECTIONS UNDER CHAPTER III.

RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THIS FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage; —
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
As I spoke, beneath my feet

The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird; —
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



COLUMBUS.

[This poem is taken from the complete works of Joaquin Miller, copyrighted, published by the Whitaker Ray Company, San Francisco.]

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say!"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous by day,
 My men grow ghastly pale and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas has gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate;
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.

He curls his lips, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE GETTYSBURG ORATION.

(November 15, 1863.)

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CARCASSONNE.

(From the French.)

How old I am! I'm eighty years. I've worked both hard
and long,

Yet patient as my life has been, one dearest sight I have not
seen,

It almost seems a wrong. A dream I had when life was
young.

Alas! our dreams, they come not true.

I thought to see fair Carcassonne,

That lovely city, Carcassonne.

One sees it dimly from the height beyond the mountain blue.
Fain would I walk five weary leagues, I do not mind the
road's fatigues,

Thro' morn and evening's dew.

But bitter frosts would fall at night, and on the grapes that
withered blight,

I could not go to Carcassonne,

I never went to Carcassonne.

They say it is as gay all times as holidays at home.

The gentles ride in gay attire, and in the sun each gilded
spire

Shoots up like those at Rome.

The bishop the procession leads, the generals curb their
prancing steeds.

Alas! I saw not Carcassonne.

Alas! I know not Carcassonne.

Our vicar's right. He preaches loud and bids us to beware.
He says, "Oh, guard the weakest part and most the traitor
in the heart

Against ambition's snare."

Perhaps in autumn I can find two sunny days with gentle
wind,

I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father, pardon me, if this my wish offends.
One sees some hope more high than he in age, as in his
infancy

To which his heart ascends.

My wife, my son have seen Narbonne, my grandson went to
Perpignan,

But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age, half dreaming in his
chair.

I said, "My friend, come, go with me to-morrow. Thine
eyes shall see those streets

That seem so fair."

That night there came for passing soul the churchbell's low
and solemn toll.

He never saw gay Carcassonne.

Who has not known a Carcassonne?—M. E. W. SHERWOOD.



MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
"Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
"Must never hope to reproduce the faint
"Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good! but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this
“Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
“Or there exceed the mark” — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master’s known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go
Together down, Sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING.



WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.



THE ANGELS OF MAN

THE word of the Lord of the outer worlds
Went forth on the deeps of space,
That Michael, Gabriel, Rafael,
Should stand before his face,

The seraphs of his threefold will,
Each in his ordered place.

Brave Michael, the right hand of God,
Strong Gabriel, his voice,
Fair Rafael, his holy breath
That makes the world rejoice, —
Archangels of omnipotence,
Of knowledge, and of choice;

Michael, angel of loveliness
In all things that survive,
And Gabriel, whose part it is
To ponder and contrive,
And Rafael, who puts the heart
In every thing alive.

Came Rafael, the enraptured soul,
Stainless as wind or fire,
The urge within the flux of things,
The life that must aspire,
With whom is the beginning,
The worth, and the desire;

And Gabriel, the all-seeing mind,
Bringer of truth and light,
Who lays the courses of the stars
In their stupendous flight,
And calls the migrant flocks of spring
Across the purple night;

And Michael, the artificer
Of beauty, shape, and hue,

Lord of the forges of the sun,
The crucible of the dew,
And driver of the plowing rain
When the flowers are born anew.

Then said the Lord: "Ye shall account
For the ministry ye hold,
Since ye have been my sons to keep
My purpose from of old.
How fare the realms within your sway
To perfections still untold?"

Answered each as he had the word.
And a great silence fell
On all the listening hosts of heaven
To hear their captains tell, —
With the breath of the wind, the call of a bird,
And the cry of a mighty bell.

Then the Lord said: "The time is ripe
For finishing my plan,
And the accomplishment of that
For which all time began.
Therefore on you is laid the task
Of the fashioning of man;

"In your own likeness shall he be,
To triumph in the end.
I only give him Michael's strength
To guard him and defend,
With Gabriel to be his guide,
And Rafael his friend.

"Ye shall go forth upon the earth,
And make there Paradise,
And be the angels of that place
To make men glad and wise,
With loving-kindness in their hearts,
And knowledge in their eyes.

"And ye shall be man's counselors
That neither rest nor sleep,
To cheer the lonely, lift the frail,
And solace them that weep.
And ever on his wandering trail
Your watch-fires ye shall keep;

"Till in the far years he shall find
The country of his quest,
The empire of the open truth,
The vision of the best,
Foreseen by every mother saint
With her new-born on her breast."

BLISS CARMAN.



"A TALE."

What a pretty tale you told me
Once upon a time
— Said you found it somewhere (scold me!)
Was it prose or was it rhyme,
Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting
This much if no more,
That a poet (pray, no petting!)
Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
Went where such like used to go,
Singing for a prize, you know.
Well, he had to sing, nor merely
Sing, but play the lyre;
Playing was important clearly
Quite as singing; I desire,
Sir, you keep the fact in mind
For a purpose that's behind.
There stood he, while deep attention
Held the judges round,
— Judges able, I should mention,
To detect the slightest sound
Sung or played amiss: such ears
Had old judges, it appears!
None the less he sang out boldly,
Played in time and tune,
Till the judges, weighing coldly
Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
Sure to smile "In vain one tries
Picking faults out: take the prize!"
When, a mischief! Were they seven
Strings the lyre possessed?
Oh, and afterwards eleven,
Thank you! Well, sir, — who had guessed
Such ill luck in store? — it happened
One of those same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then! No! a cricket
 (What "cicada"? Pooh!)
 — Some mad thing that left its thicket
 For mere love of music — flew
 With its little heart on fire,
 Lighted on the crippled lyre.
 So that when (Ah, joy!) our singer
 For his truant string
 Feels with disconcerted finger,
 What does cricket else but fling
 Fiery heart forth, sound the note
 Wanted by the throbbing throat?
 Ay and, ever to the ending,
 Cricket chirps at need,
 Executes the hand's intending,
 Promptly, perfectly, — indeed
 Saves the singer from defeat
 With her chirrup low and sweet.
 Till, at ending, all the judges
 Cry with one assent
 "Take the prize — a prize who grudges
 Such a voice and instrument?
 Why, we took your lyre for harp,
 So it shrilled us forth F sharp!"
 Did the conqueror spurn the creature,
 Once its service done?
 That's no such uncommon feature
 In the case when Music's son
 Finds his Lotte's power too spent
 For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning
 Homeward, prize in hand,
 Satisfied his bosom's yearning:
 (Sir! I hope you understand!)
 — Said "Some record there must be
 Of this cricket's help to me!"
 So, he made himself a statue:
 Marble stood, life-size;
 On the lyre, he pointed at you,
 Perched his partner in the prize;
 Never more apart you found
 Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.
 That's the tale: its application?
 Somebody I know
 Hopes one day for reputation
 Through his poetry that's — Oh,
 All so learned and so wise
 And deserving of a prize!
 If he gains one, will some ticket,
 When his statue's built,
 Tell the gazer "'T was a cricket
 Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt
 Sweet and low, when strength usurped
 Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?
 "For as victory was nighest,
 While I sang and played, —
 With my lyre at lowest, highest,
 Right alike, — one string that made
 'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain,
 Never to be heard again, —

“Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
Perched upon the place
Vacant left, and duly uttered
‘Love, Love, Love,’ whene’er the bass
Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone.”

But you don’t know music! Wherefore
Keep on casting pearls
To a — poet? All I care for
Is — to tell him a girl’s
“Love” comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)

ROBERT BROWNING.



MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
Thou, the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?”

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

“God!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, “God!”

“God!” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “God!”

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth “God!” and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou

That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud
 To rise before me, — rise, oh, ever rise!
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



MY STAR.

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled;
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West —
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep —
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep —
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

**A CONSERVATIVE.**

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn,

A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store —"
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur — a joy to view —
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"

And drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this, —
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.



AWAIT THE ISSUE.

In this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

2. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, No!"

3. Thy "success"? Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

4. It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centerward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

5. Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

6. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there

be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

7. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

T. CARLYLE.



FIVE LIVES.

Five mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:
"Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence,
When I am very old, yon shimmering dome
Come drawing down and down, till all things end?"

Then with a weazen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin
And long and slim in the mind; and thus he mused:
"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!
Made in the image" — a horse frog croaks from the pool —
"Hark! 't was some God, voicing his glorious thought
In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours, their work.
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wiggle about, and munch a trace of scum."
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively:
"There is no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without,
And higher and lower; life is life enough."
Then swaggering half a hair's breath, hungrily
He seized upon an atom of a bug and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;
And with shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang:
"Oh, the little female monad's lips!
Oh, the little female monad's eyes!
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"

The last was a strong-minded monadess,
Who dashed amid the infusoria,

Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives
Æonian moments had gone wheeling by.
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed;
A glistening film — 't was gone; the leaf was dry.

The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone;
Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was still.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL



THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

[*Abridged.*]

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd over seas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less.

.

The forest, letting in the sun and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so returned.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smolder'd in the hearts
Of those great Lords and Barons of his realm
Flashed forth and into war; for most of these,
Colleaguings with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him crying: "Who is he
That should rule us? Who hath proved him
King Uther's son?"

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
 Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
 Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere;
 And thinking as he rode: "Her father said
 That there between the man and beast they die.
 Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
 Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
 What happiness to reign a lonely king?"

But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

When Arthur reached a field of battle, bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him, that he saw

Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
 Whom the King
 Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:

"Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
 Report him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king —
 So many those that hate him, and so strong,
 So few his knights, however brave they be —
 Hath body enow to hold his foeman down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,
 Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
 For I was near him when the savage yells
 Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
 Crowned on the dias, and all his warriors cried,
 "Be thou the King, and we will work thy will
 Who love thee." Then the King in low deep tones,
 And simple words of great authority,
 Bound them by so straight vows to his own self,
 That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
 Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
 Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
 Half blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake, and cheer'd his Table Round
 With large, divine, and comfortable words,
 Beyond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld
 From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
 A momentary likeness of the King;

.

"But let me tell thee now another tale:

.
 on the night

When Uther in Tintagil past away
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, Merlin
 Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,

.
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
 It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
 A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,
 And gone as soon as seen. He

. watch'd the great sea fall,
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
 Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
 And down the wave and in the flame was borne
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
 Who stooped and caught the babe and cried, "The King!"

.
 And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
 Free sky and stars: "And this same child," he said,
 "Is he who reigns."

.
 And ever since the Lords
 Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
 So that the realm has gone to wrack; but now,
 This year, when Merlin — for his hour had come —
 Brought Arthur forth, and sat him in the hall,
 Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's heir, your King,"

A hundred voices cried: "Away with him!
No king of ours!"

Yet Merlin thro' his craft,
And while the people clamor'd for a king,
Had Arthur crowned; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war.

and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also,
Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come, and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen under foot,
Till these and all men hail him for their King."

King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing, "Shall I answer nay or yea?"
Doubted and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;"

Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the king stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent

Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen; and watch'd him from the gates;
And Lancelot past away among the flowers —
For then was latter April — and return'd —
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a noble time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood around him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love.
And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"King and my Lord, I love thee to the death!"

And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake:
"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may the Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!"

And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King: —

*"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — 'Let the King reign!'*

*"Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!"*

*"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe and flash brand! Let the King reign!"*

*"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!"*

*"The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!"*

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King
Drew in the petty principedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ELAINE.

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awaken her with the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilure, fashion'd for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazon'd on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day
Leaving her household and good father, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd the door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Cearleon; this at Camelot;
And ah, God's mercy what a stroke was there!
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down,
And saved him; so she lived in fantasy.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field a road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The Island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs forever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd
 By slow horses; and unhail'd
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the Golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot;
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three pace thro' the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —

The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died.
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



CHAPTER IV. CHARACTERIZATION.

SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

The scene takes place in a room in the house of the Countess Olivia. Olivia stands apart from a group of her attendants, among whom is her steward Malvolio. Maria, her maid enters, saying: —

Maria. — Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. — From the Duke Orsino, is it?

Maria. — I know not, madam.

Oli. — Who of my people hold him in delay!

Maria. — Sir Toby, madam; your kinsman.

Oli. — Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home — what you will to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO who soon returns and says:—

Mal. — Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that, too, and therefore comes to speak with you.

What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. — Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. — He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. — What kind of man is he?

Mal. — Why, of man kind.

Oli. — What manner of man?

Mal. — Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. — Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. — Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple. It is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. — Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. — Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit MALVOLIO.

Enter MARIA.

Oli. — Give me my veil.

Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, in page's dress.

Viola. — The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. — Speak to me, I shall answer for her — your will!

Viola. — Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty — (*Looking about.*) I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. — Whence came you, sir?

Viola. — I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. — Are you a comedian?

Viola. — No, my profound heart; and yet by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. — If I do not usurp myself I am.

Viola. — Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. — Come to what is important in't; I forgive you the praise.

Viola. — Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. — It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief. Speak your office.

Viola. — It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war — no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. — Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Viola. — The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are to your ears divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. — Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. — Most sweet lady —

Oli. — A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. — In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. — In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. — To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. — Oh, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. — Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. — Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you (*rising*), sir, such a one I was this present; is't not well done? (*Unveiling.*)

Viola. — Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. — 'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Viola. — 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. — Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried,

and every particle and utensil labelled to my will; as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin; and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. — I see you what you are, you are too proud; But if you were the devil you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; oh, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. — (*Goes nearer.*) How does he love me?

Viola. — With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. (*Pause; Olivia recovers herself.*)

Oli. — Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. — If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. — Why, what would you?

Viola. — Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. — (*After a pause.*) You might do much. What is your parentage?

Viola. — Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.

Oli. — (*Sighs.*) Get you to your lord. (*Turning away.*)
I cannot love him; let him send no more —
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains — spend this for me. (*Goes to her, offering purse.*)

Viola. — I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit VIOLA.

Oli. — (*After pause, looking after Viola.*)
What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, action and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast — soft! soft!
Unless the-master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague.
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. — Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. — Run after that same peevish messenger,
Orsino's man; he left this ring behind him,

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him. (*Gives him
 ring.*)

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. — Madam, I will.

(*End of scene.*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A SCENE FROM KING HENRY IV.

"FALSTAFF'S RECRUITS."

Introduction. — Sir John Falstaff has received a commission from the King to raise a company of soldiers to fight in the King's battles. After drafting a number of well-to-do farmers, whom he knows will pay him snug sums of money rather than to serve under him, he pockets their money and proceeds to fill his company with the riff-raff of the country through which he passes.

The scene is a village green before Justice Shallow's house. The Justice has received word from Sir John that he is about to visit him, and desires him to call together a number of the villagers from which recruits may be selected.

These villagers are now grouped upon the green with Justice Shallow standing near.

Bardolph, Sir John Falstaff's corporal, enters and addresses Justice Shallow.

Bardolph. — Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shallow. — I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of

this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bardolph. — My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shallow. — He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight now? Look! here comes good Sir John. (*Enter Falstaff.*) Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well; welcome, good Sir John.

Falstaff. — I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me with half a dozen sufficient men?

Shallow. — Marry have we, sir.

Falstaff. — Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow. — Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry sir. — Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mouldy. — Here, an't please you.

Shallow. — What think you, Sir John? A good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff. — Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy. — Yea, an't please you.

Falstaff. — 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shallow. — Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use; very singular good! Well said, Sir John, very well said. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Falstaff. — Yes, prick him.

Mouldy. — I was pricked well enough before, an' you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery; you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Shallow. — Peace, fellow, peace! Stand aside; know you where you are? For the next, Sir John; let me see — Simon Shadow?

Falstaff. — Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under. He's like to be a cold soldier.

Shallow. — Where's Shadow?

Shadow. — Here, sir.

Falstaff. — Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shadow. — My mother's son, sir.

Falstaff. — Thy mother's son! Like enough, and thy father's shadow. Prick him. Shadow will serve for summer.

Shallow. — Thomas Wart!

Falstaff. — Where's he?

Wart. — Here, sir!

Falstaff. — Is thy name Wart?

Wart. — Yea, sir.

Falstaff. — Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shallow. — Ha, ha, ha! Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Falstaff. — It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shallow. — Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it; I commend you well. — Francis Feeble.

Feeble. — Here, sir.

Falstaff. — What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. — I'm a woman's tailor, sir.

Falstaff. — Well, good woman's tailor, wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. — I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Falstaff. — Well said, good woman's tailor! Well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick me the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble. — I would Wart might have gone, too, sir.

Falstaff. — I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. — It shall suffice, sir.

Falstaff. — I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shallow. — Peter Bullcalf, o' the green.

Falstaff. — Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bullcalf. — Here, sir.

Falstaff. — Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bullcalf. — O Lord! Good my lord captain, —

Falstaff. — What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bullcalf. — O Lord, sir! I'm a diseased man.

Falstaff. — What disease hast thou?

Bullcalf. — A terrible cold, sir, a cough, sir.

Falstaff. — Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away with thy cold. Is here all?

Shallow. — Here is two more than your number. You must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Falstaff. — Come, I will go drink with you.

(Exit Sir John and Justice Shallow.)

Bullcalf. — *(Approaching Bardolph.)* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I'd as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bardolph. — *(Pocketing the money.)* Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. — By my troth, I care not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A SCENE FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD.

AT THE LODGINGS OF MR. AND MRS. MICAWBER.

Introduction. — The scene opens in the lodgings of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. Mr. Micawber at this time is suffering under what he terms, "A temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities," and is out looking for something to turn up.

Mrs. Micawber is at home attending to the twins, one of which she is holding in her arms, the other is in the cradle near by, and various of the children are scattered about the floor.

Mrs. Micawber has been bothered all the morning by the calling of creditors; — at last she exclaims, as she trots the babe in her arms: —

Mrs. Micawber. — Well, I wonder how many more times they will be calling! However, it's their fault. If Mr. Micawber's creditors won't give him time, they must take

the consequences. Oh! there is some one knocking now! I believe that's Mr. Heep's knock. It is Mr. Heep! Come in, Mr. Heep. We are very glad to see you. Come right in.

Heep. — Is Mr. Micawber in?

Mrs. Mic. — No, Mr. Heep. Mr. Micawber has gone out. We make no stranger of you, Mr. Heep, so I don't mind telling you Mr. Micawber's affairs have reached a crisis. With the exception of a heel of Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family, — and including the twins, — there is nothing to eat in the house.

Heep. — How dreadful! (*Aside.*) The very man for my purpose. (*Explanation.* At this moment there is a noise heard on the landing. Micawber himself rushes into the room, slamming the door behind him.)

Micawber. — (*Not seeing Heep.*) The clouds have gathered, the storm has broken, and the thunderbolt has fallen on the devoted head of Wilkins Micawber! Emma, my dear, the die is cast. All is over. Leave me in my misery!

Mrs. Mic. — I'll never desert my Micawber!

Mic. — In the words of the immortal Plato, "It must be so, Cato!" But no man is without a friend when he is possessed of courage and shaving materials! Emma, my love, fetch me my razors! (*Recovers himself*) sh — sh! We are not alone! (*Gayly*) Oh, Mr. Heep! Delighted to see you, my young friend! Ah, my dear young attorney-general, in prospective, if I had only known you when my troubles commenced, my creditors would have been a great deal better managed than they were! You will pardon the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with a minion of the law, — in short, with a

ribald turncock attached to the waterworks. Emma, my love, our supply of water has been cut off. Hope has sunk beneath the horizon! Bring me a pint of laudanum!

Heep. — Mr. Micawber, would you be willing to tell me the amount of your indebtedness?

Mic. — It is only a small matter for nutriment, beef, mutton, etc., some trifle, seven and six pence ha'penny.

Heep. — I'll pay it for you.

Mic. — My dear friend! You overpower me with obligation! Shall I admit the officer? (*Turns and goes to the door, opens it.*) Enter myrmidon! Hats off, in the presence of a solvent debtor and a lady. (*Heep pays the officer and dismisses him.*)

Heep. — Now, Mr. Micawber, I suppose you have no objection to giving me your I. O. U. for the amount.

Mic. — Certainly not. I am always ready to put my name to any species of negotiable paper, from twenty shillings upward. Excuse me, Heep, I'll write it.

(*Goes through motion of writing it on leaf of memo-book. Tears it out and hands it to Heep.*) I suppose this is renewable on the usual term?

Heep. — Better. You can work it out. I come to offer you the position of clerk in my partner's office — the firm of Wickfield and Heep.

Mic. — What! A clerk! Emma, my love, I believe I may have no hesitation in saying something has at last turned up!

Heep. — You will excuse me, Mrs. Micawber, but I should like to speak a few words to your husband in private.

Mrs. Mic. — Certainly! Wilkins, my love, go on and prosper.

Mic. — My dear, I shall endeavor to do so to an unlimited extent! Ah, the sun has risen again — the clouds have passed — the sky is clear, and another score may be begun at the butcher's. — Heep, precede. Emma, my love. *Au Revoir.*

(*A gallant bow to Mrs. Micawber.*)

CHARLES DICKENS.

A SCENE FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD.

CHARACTERS.

OLD FISHERMAN PEGGOTTY,

HAM PEGGOTTY,

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Introduction. — The scene is the interior of the "Old Ark"; the time is evening. The rain is falling outside, yet inside the old ark all is snug and comfortable. The fire is burning brightly on the hearth, and Mother Gummidge sits by it knitting. Ham has gone out to fetch little Em'ly home from her work, — and the old fisherman sits smoking his evening pipe by the table near the window. They are expecting Steerforth and Copperfield in to spend the evening. Presently a knock is heard and David enters. Old Peggotty gets up to greet him.

Old Peg. — Why! It's Mas'r Davy! Glad to see you, Mas'r Davy, you're the first of the lot! Take off that cloak of yours if it's wet and draw right up to the fire. Don't you mind Mawther Gummidge, Mas'r Davy; she's a-thinkin' of the old 'un. She allers do be thinkin' of the old 'un when

there's a storm a-comin' up, along of his havin' been drowned at sea. Well, now, I must go and light up accordin' to custom. (*He lights a candle and puts it on the table by the window.*) Theer we are! Theer we are! A-lighted up accordin' to custom. Now, Mas'r Davy, you're a-wonderin' what that little candle is for, ain't yer? Well, I'll tell yer. It's for my little Em'ly. You see, the path ain't o'er light or cheerful arter dark, so when I'm home here along the time that Little Em'ly comes home from her work, I allers lights the little candle and puts it there on the table in the winder, and it serves two purposes, — first, Em'ly sees it and she says: "Theer's home," and likewise, "Theer's Uncle," fur if I ain't here I never have no light showed. Theer! Now you're laughin' at me, Mas'r Davy! You're a-sayin' as how I'm a babby. Well, I don't know but I am. (*Walks towards table.*) Not a babby to look at, but a babby to consider on. A babby in the form of a Sea Porkypine.

See the candle sparkle! I can hear it say — "Em'ly's lookin' at me! Little Em'ly's comin'!" Right I am for here she is! (*He goes to the door to meet her; the door opens and Ham comes staggering in.*)

Ham. — She's gone! Her that I'd a died fur, and will die fur even now! She's gone!

Peggotty. — Gone!

Ham. — Gone! She's run away! And think how she's run away when I pray my good and gracious God to strike her down dead, sooner than let her come to disgrace and shame.

Peggotty. — Em'ly gone! I'll not believe it. I must have proof — proof.

Ham. — Read that writin'.

Peggotty. — No! I won't read that writin' — read it you, Mas'r Davy. Slow, please. I don't know as I can understand.

David. — (*Reads.*) "When you see this I shall be far away."

Peggotty. — Stop theer, Mas'r Davy! Stop theer! Fur away! My little Em'ly fur away! Well?

David. — (*Reads.*) "Never to come back again unless he brings me back a lady. Don't remember, Ham, that we were to be married, but try to think of me as if I had died long ago, and was buried somewhere. My last love and last tears for Uncle."

Peggotty. — Who's the man? What's his name? I want to know the man's name.

Ham. — It warn't no fault of yours, Mas'r Davy, that I know.

Peggotty. — What! You don't mean his name's Steerforth, do you?

Ham. — Yes! His name is Steerforth, and he's a cursed villain!

Peggotty. — Where's my coat? Give me my coat! Help me on with it, Mas'r Davy. Now bear a hand there with my hat.

David. — Where are you going, Mr. Peggotty?

Peggotty. — I'm a goin' to seek fur my little Em'ly. First, I'm going to stave in that theer boat and sink it where I'd drowned him, as I'm a living soul; if I'd a known what he had in him! I'd a drowned him, and thought I was doin' right. Now I'm going to seek for my little Em'ly throughout the wide wurreld!

CHARLES DICKENS.

A SCENE FROM THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Introduction. — This scene introduces the following characters: — Conn, the Shaughraun, a reckless, devil-may-care, true-hearted young vagabond, who is continually in a scrape from his desire to help a friend and his love of fun; his mother, Mrs. O'Kelly, his sweetheart, Moya Dolan, niece of the parish priest.

It is evening. Moya is alone in the kitchen. She has just put the kettle on the fire when Mrs. O'Kelly, Conn's mother, enters.

Mrs. O'K. — Is it yourself, Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been around this way.

Moya. — Why should he be here, Mrs. O'Kelly? Hasn't he a home of his own?

Mrs. O'K. — The Shebeen is his home when he is not in jail. His father died o' drink, and Conn will go the same way.

Moya. — I thought your husband was drowned at sea?

Mrs. O'K. — And bless him, so he was.

Moya. — Well, that's a quare way o' dying of drink.

Mrs. O'K. — The best of men he was, when he was sober — a betther never drhewed the breath o' life.

Moya. — But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O'K. — Niver! An' Conn takes afther him!

Moya. — Mother, I'm afeared I shall take afther Conn.

Mrs. O'K. — Heaven forbid, and purtect you agin him! You a good dacent gurl, and deserve the best of husbands.

Moya. — Them's the only ones that gets the worst. More betoken yoursilf, Mrs. O'Kelly.

Mrs. O'K. — Conn niver did an honest day's work in his

life — but dhrinkin', and fishin', an' shootin', an' sportin', and love-makin'.

Moya. — Sure, that's how the quality pass their lives.

Mrs. O'K. — That's it. A poor man that sports the sowl of a gintleman is called a blackguard.

(At this moment Conn appears in the doorway.)

Conn. — *(At left.)* Some one is talkin' about me! Ah, Moya, darlin', come here. *(Business as if he reached out his hand to Moya as he comes forward to meet her, and passes her over to his left so he seems to stand in center between Moya on left and Mrs. O'Kelly on right.)* Was the old Mother thryin' to make little o' me? Don't you belave a word that comes out o' her! She's jealous o' me. *(Laughing as he shakes his finger at his mother.)* Yes, ye are! You're chokin' wid it this very minute! Oh, Moya darlin', she's jealous to see my two arms about ye. But she's proud o' me. Oh, she's proud o' me as an old hin that's got a duck for a chicken. Howld your whist now Mother! Wipe your mouth and give me a kiss.

Mrs. O'K. — Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis have been in the cabin today about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

Conn. — Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute.

Mrs. O'K. — But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'?

Conn. — Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away wid a man's charachter like this! O! Wurra! may I never die in sin, but this was the way of it. I was standin' by owld Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of the hounds coming across the tail of the bog, an' there they wor, my dear, spread

out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox ye ever seen a sailin' ahead of thim up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhabitints out of the ground! Well, as I looked, who should come and put her head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a word I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the gravestones. When, whist! the fox went by us. I leapt upon the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view-halloo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roaring past.

The mare lost her head entoirely and tore at the gate. "Stop," says I, "ye divil!" an' I slipt a taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now mind the cunnin' of the baste, she was quiet in a minute. "Come home, now," ses I. "Aisy!" an' I threw my leg across her.

Be jabbers! No sooner was I on her back than — Whoo! Holy Rocket! — she was over the gate, an' tearin' afther the hounds loike mad. "Yoicks!" ses I; "Come back you thafe of the world, where you takin' me to?" as she carried me through the huntin' field, an' landed me by the side of the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself.

He turned the color of his leather breeches.

"Mother o' Moses!" ses he, "Is that Conn, the Shaugh-raun, on my brown mare?"

"Bad luck to me!" ses I, "It's no one else!"

"You sthole my horse," ses the Squire.

"That's a lie!" ses I, "for it was your horse sthole me!"

Moya. — (*Laughing.*) And what did he say to that, Conn?

Conn. — I couldn't stop to hear, Moya, for just then we took a stone wall together an' I left him behind in the ditch.

Mrs. O'K. — You'll get a month in jail for this.

Conn. — Well, it was worth it.

BOUCICAULT.



PEER GYNT.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

(A wooded hillside near ÅSE'S farm. A river rushes down the slope. On the further side of it an old mill shed. It is a hot day in summer.)

(PEER GYNT, a strongly-built youth of twenty, comes down the pathway. His mother, ÅSE, a small, slightly-built woman, follows him, scolding angrily.)

ÅSE.

Peer, you're lying!

PEER

(without stopping).

No, I am not!

ÅSE.

Well then, swear that it is true!

PEER.

Swear? Why should I?

ÅSE.

See, you dare not!

It's a lie from first to last.

PEER

(stopping).

It is true — each blessed word!

ÅSE

(confronting him).

Well, where did you find the buck, then?

PEER.

West near Gendin.¹

ÅSE

(laughing scornfully).

Ah! Indeed!

PEER.

Keen the blast towards me swept;
hidden by an alder-clump,
he was scraping in the snow-crust
after lichen —

ÅSE

(as before).

Doubtless, yes!

PEER.

Breathlessly I stood and listened,
heard the crunching of his hoof,
saw the branches of one antler.
Softly then among the boulders
I crept forward on my belly.

¹ Pronounce *Yendeen*.

Crouched in the moraine I peered up; —
such a buck, so sleek and fat,
you, I'm sure, have ne'er set eyes on.

ÅSE.

No, of course not!

PEER.

Bang! I fired!

Clean he dropped upon the hillside.
But the instant that he fell
I sat firm astride his back,
gripped him by the left ear tightly,
and had almost sunk my knife-blade
in his neck, behind his skull —
when, behold! the brute screamed wildly,
sprang upon his feet like lightning,
with a back-cast of his head
from my fist made knife and sheath fly,
pinned me tightly by the thigh,
jammed his horns against my legs,
clenched me like a pair of tongs; —
then forthwith away he flew
right along the Gendin-Edge!

ÅSE

(*involuntarily*).

Jesus save us ——!

PEER

Have you ever
chanced to see the Gendin-Edge?
Nigh on four miles long it stretches

sharp before you like a scythe.
 Down o'er glaciers, landslips, scaurs,
 down the toppling grey moraines,
 you can see, both right and left,
 straight into the tarns that slumber,
 black and sluggish, more than seven
 hundred fathoms deep below you.

Right along the Edge we two
 clove our passage through the air.

ÅSE

(*dizzy*).

Oh, God save me!

PEER.

All at once,
 at a desperate, break-neck spot,
 rose a great cock-ptarmigan,
 flapping, cackling, terrified,
 from the crack where he lay hidden
 at the buck's feet on the Edge.

Then the buck shied half around,
 leapt sky-high, and down we plunged
 both of us into the depths!

(ÅSE totters, and catches at the trunk of a tree. PEER GYNT
continues:)

Mountain walls behind us, black,
 and below a void unfathomed!

Downward rushed we, ever downward.
 But beneath us something shimmered,
 whitish, like a reindeer's belly, —

Mother, 't was our own reflection
in the glass-smooth mountain tarn,
shooting up towards the surface
with the same wild rush of speed
wherewith we were shooting downwards.

ÅSE

(gasping for breath).

Peer! God help me ——! Quickly, tell ——!

PEER.

Buck from over, buck from under,
in a moment clashed together,
scattering foam-flecks all around.

There we lay then, floating, plashing, —
But at last we made our way
somehow to the northern shore;
buck, he swam, I clung behind him: —
I ran homewards ——

ÅSE.

But the buck, dear?

PEER.

He's there still, for aught I know; —

(Snaps his fingers, turns on his heel, and adds:)
catch him, and you're welcome to him!

ÅSE.

And your neck you haven't broken?
Haven't broken both your thighs?

and your backbone, too, is whole?
Oh, dear Lord — what thanks, what praise,
should be thine who helped my boy!
There's a rent, though, in your breeches;
but it's scarce worth talking of
when one thinks what dreadful things
might have come of such a leap ——!

(Stops suddenly, looks at him open-mouthed and wide-eyed; cannot find words for some time, but at last bursts out:)

Oh, you devil's story-teller,
All this screed you foist upon me,
I remember now, I knew it
when I was a girl of twenty.
Gudbrand Glesnë it befell,
never you, you ——

PEER.

Me as well.

Such a thing can happen twice.

End of scene.

HENRI IBSEN.



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